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02x01 - Home is Where the a*s is

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02x01 - Home is Where the a*s is

by **bunniefuu**

Posted: **01/17/02 20:05**

[Babylon. All guys dancing. Hot,young, sexy boys. # Risin' from Elle Patrice]

[Emmett and Ted are standing at the bar. Emmett dancewhile Ted starres at his drink.]

Emmett:You know, some people might say the Grand Canyon or BigSur, but I think some of the finest vistas to be foundanywhere in these United States are right here inPittsburgh.

Ted: Helooks pretty barren to me.

Emmett:Oh, c'mon. There's got to be someone in this vastpanorama of sweaty bodies who you're just dying to havereject you!

Ted: It's not them. It's me. It's too soon. It's stillmourning.

Emmett: Well, it's time to take off the widow weeds.After all, even Jackie finally took off the widow'sweeds, got up off of all fours, married some rich oldman, and went shopping again. At least try.

[Ted turns his head and looks around. He see someone.]

Ted:Him.

Emmett:Who?

Ted:Over, there. Blue movie shirt, black hair, pink in shirt,cuttle short nose.

Emmett:Oh, he's adorable.

Ted:He's hot.

[The guyturns around.]

Emmett:He's a...

Both:Michael?

[They'rerunning to him, overjoy.]

Emmett:Why didn't you tell us you're coming?

Michael:It was a spirit of moment thing. David took Hankcamping...

Emmett: That's how you're figured you're do camping ofyour own. Oh, look at you. You're adorable - and hot.Doesn't you look hot, Ted?

Ted:Let's have a drink.

Michael:Oh, yeah. Sure.

[They'regoing to the bar.]

Ted: So,how long are you here in town?

Michael:Just long enough to see you guys and my mom and my uncleVic and...

allthree: ...Brian.

Emmett:Oh, that's no point looking after him, sweetie.

Ted:He's not here.

Michael:No, of course not. Not after what happened.

Emmett:He's in the backroom.

[The Back Room of Babylon. It's alot darker in there. Multi-colored shadows dot the room,and various male body parts emerge from them.]

Michael: Hey Tod,how's going?

Tod:Hey, fine!

[Briansits in a chair, staring blankly ahead while two guysgnaw on his lap.]

Brian: Hey, Mikey.

Michael:Is this all you have to say?

Brian: No, cover you're teeth.

Michael:I've been emailing you and leaving you messagespractically every day for the last month and you've neveranswered.

Brian:Busy, busy.

Michael:What, up to your old tricks?

Brian: Never old ones. And never the same ones twice.Okay guys, take a drink.

Michael:I'm glad you're okay.

Brian: Oh, not just okay. I'm fabulous. In fact, I'm themost fabulous f*g in Pittsburgh. That if it's be fabulousin Pittsburgh. Does anybody have an E?

[A dozenhands reach out of the dark with tablets.]

Brian:So, who's told you I was here? Rosencrantz orGuildenstern?

Michael: I think I could figurerd that out of my own.

Brian:Oh sh*t, I've been trying to get this f*ck all night.

Michael:When am I going to see you?!

[Brianignores Michael and he's going with this guy.]

[In the hallway in front ofEmmett's flat.]

Emmett: I didn't take it personally, sweety.

Ted: He's cut himself off from everyone.

Emmett: Everyone, that is, except for every sl*t inPittsburgh with a smooth a*s and a nine-inch c*ck.

Ted: Or with another word despite what happens it'sbusiness as usual.

Emmett: But hey, when your boy toy gets broken, getanother toy, right?

[They've got inside. Emmett turns the light on.]

Emmett: But well, here we are. Home Sweet Dump.

Michael: It is so great to be back.

Ted: I don't wanna go that far. After those photos andemails of from you're new place.

Emmett: Well, I might not have a pool or an atrium, butI've got a stopped-up sink and a half-dead rubber treeplant.

Ted: He's trying to grow his own condoms.

Emmett: Oh baby, you must be so happy.

Michael: Hank and David are very close now. We're getdoing any cool things together. We're get to go bicyclingin the forest park, we're get to go camping and we'remade some really new friends.

Ted: Oh, really - you have... friends?

Emmett: Oh, that's... that's nice.

Michael: Stop mention that I replace you.

Emmett: Yeah, well I'm afraid I'm gonna have to replaceyou.

Michael: What?

Emmett: I've got a new roommate soon. I gonna forced tomove into the home of independent h*m*.

Michael: Well, you've been looking?

[Montage of potential roommates walking in the door andthen a flash of each of them f*cking Emmett. Back to thepresent.]

Emmett: Hi and low. I mean, no one measures up.

Ted: Maybe you need to re-think the interview process.

Emmett: I know, we're have a guest. Welcome home, baby!

[He kisses Michael.]

[Behind a glass window at thehospital, Brian watches Justin toss and turn in hissleep. Brian pulls away from the window and snorts apopper.]

Nurse: Crummy day?

Brian: Yeah, but what's a little rain?

Nurse: How about some hot tea? Or I could I fix you up asoup in a cup? [He shakes his head.] Well, it's gotupsurde in the stiffle horse? Oh, by the way Migual, youknow who works Tuesdays and Thursday, he tosses with hima ball today. He said his hand was improving but he stillhas his outburst when he gets frustrated.

Brian: Well, there must be something you can give him.

Nurse: Drugs can't fix everything.

Brian: Where did you hear that?

Nurse: If you ask me, what would help him the most is ifhe knew that you came here every --

Brian: No.

[The nurse look at him. He offers her a cigarette.]

Nurse: No.

Brian: Who made up the f*cking rule that you can't smokein the hospital?

[He look at Justin through the window.]

[Liberty Diner. Cut to Debbie,all P-FLAG'ed out, arms open wide. Her t-shirt says,"I love my p*nis"]

Deb: Come and give your mother a hug!

Michael: Promise to let me go this time?

Deb: Eagle Scouts Honour.

[She hugs him and feels on his back.]

Deb: My baby. Christ, you're f*cking skeleton!

Mel: What the hell have you been eating out there, nutsand berries?

Deb: I've feed you're up. I'm gonna give you the bushbottom smackball.

Michael: You will gonna fed me up or gonna make mestroke? What's all those? [He pointed all those papersabout the table.]

Lindsay: Chris Hobb's sentence next week.

Mel: The judge is a real as*h*le.

Deb: Yeah, we're call everybody we can. Keep Flaggers,ACA Yours, we're gonna pack those courtroom. Make surethat he knows that we're countable.

Michael: Justin is very lucky to have you looking at. [Hekisses her.]

Deb: Well, that's more as we can say about you're f*ck. He hasn't see him once!

Lindsay: Every time we're visit Justin all he ever askwas where is Brian?

Mel: Getting his d*ck sucked, that's where's Brian.

Lindsay: I'm not sticking him up from. But maybe he's gotsome vietnam batts who have those trosty. It's been toopainful for him to have to face.

Deb: What? Seeing a poor, hurt kid?

Michael: You weren't there that night, you didn't seeBrian. In shock, with blood all over him? It was like hegot the sh*t beat out of him, too.

Deb: If you ask me, he's still an as*h*le.

Mel: Okay, I guess it's time to get to the beauty parlor.

Lindsay: Yeah, getting their hair done...

Mel: Getting the manicures...

Lindsay: Be ready when our dates arrive.

Michael: Wow, wow, wow, wow. Something happen when I wasgone that I should know about?

Lindsay: Don't worry, Michael, we're still lesbians.

Michael: Wew...

Lindsay: It's my sister's wedding.

Mel: And the less said, the better.

Deb: Here bone butt, start on these. Oh, coffee.

[At the hospital, Jennifer Taylortalks to Justin's doctor outside the physical therapyroom. They watch Justin try to roll a tennis ball withhis partially paralyzed right hand.]

Doctor: Does he always push himself so hard?

Jen: I remember when he was a kid he's so determent toride his two wheeler. He fall a hundred times and it wasa bloody mess but... he kept out it until he learn tostay up. He hasn't changed. When he wants something, hewon't stop until he gets it.

Doctor: But whatever it is now he does making him to stayon top. It speed off I'm sending him home.

Jen: That's wonderful.

[The tennis ball slips out of Justin's fingers and heyells in frustration.]

Jen: Are you sure he's ready?

Doctor: I wanna see him here three times a week for thenext month for our patient therapy. And call me if thereis a problem.

[A concernes Jennifer look through the window to herson.]

[Melanie and Lindsay accompanyTed and Emmett up the steps of a hotel.]

Emmett: Believe it, it's Saturday night and we're heredressed to go to a f*cking funeral.

Ted: Close to it - a hetero wedding.

Lindsay: Can't you guy giving up for one time?

Ted: I did and looking I havin' withdrawal symptoms.

[The reception area. Some blond girl walks right into themiddle of the group to give Ted a elevator look.]

Mel: Oh, it's too bad you're not straight, you couldreally score big-time.

Emmett: It's hard to believe, but in this paralleluniverse, you're actually hot.

Ted: Whoo-hoo. Lucky me!

[A waitress comes by with drinks.]

Emmett: Pink champagne. Yeah. That's too nelly, even forme.

Ted: Not bad - for a buche.

Lindsay: Look, I'm sorry to make you pretend to be ourdates. But when my sister insisted that Mel and I notdraw attention to ourselves.

Mel: What, did she think we were going to performcunnilingus on top of the wedding cake?

Lindsay: I'd promise I'd follow wedding etiquette.

[Emmett checks out a guy.]

Emmett: Well, I've read Miss Manners cover to cover, andnowhere does it say that you must subjugate yoursexuality, even at the bride's request. Wow, is he hot!

Lindsay: Hey, come back.

Ted: Watch you're position on f*cking ushers.

Emmett: Well, it's acceptable prefable not during theceremony.

Ron: There she is!

Lindsay: Oh, daddy.

Ron: Where is my girl? [He hugs Linds.]

Nancy: We've been looking for you! Hello Melanie.

Mel: Mister and Misses Peterson.

Lindsay: This is Ted and Emmett.

Nancy: How do you do?

Ted: We're their beards.

Ron: You're ready for hear "Here comes thebride"? Again!

Nancy: Oh, Ron, stop.

Ron: Oh, Nancy, don't tell me, tell 'em that. Threeweddings in five years - that's the last one I'm payingfor.

Nancy: That's what you've said the last.

Hot guy: Mr. and Mrs.Peterson? It's time.

Nancy: Oh, here's our cue. We're should take ourpositions.

[They leave. Mel and Linds throw their arms around eachother's waists. Ted and Emmett have to remind them thatthey're no longer g*y.]

[Brians's loft. Brian closes thedoor behind Michael.]

Michael: I left you four messages.

Brian: I told you, busy busy. You want some diner? [Hethrows him a bag of chips.]

Michael: This is diner?

Brian: Just the essantial of a healthy diet. Salt, fat,alcohol.

Michael: I've never eating again. My mom practical forcedfeed me to eat the entire Liberty Diner menu.

Brian: Well, who told you to eat it?

Micheal: What I'm suppose to do?

Brian: Say no.

Michael: I know it makes her happy.

Brian: Well, there you go, Ladies and Gentlemen, proofpositive that making other people happy can cause nausea,severe cramps, even diarrhea.

Michael: Got any Tums?

Brian: What is tums spell backwards?

Both: Smut.

Brian: Why the f*ck are you here?

Michael: I've told you, I left you a bunch of messagesand you never called me back.

Brian: I mean of all holidays places you could havechosen Pitts port of the part - why Pitts?

Michael: I'm missed it. It's my home.

Brian: Not even more. It's just a visit. It's asight-seeing of you're former life. Now you've seenyou're mom and the boys and me. Who's next on the tour?

Michael: I though I go see Justin. How's he goin'?

Brian: How should I know?

Michael: Well, you would if you would see him. How aboutyou come with me?

Brian: What for?

Michael: It might make him happy?

Brian: I just told you making other people happy can bedangerous to you're healthy.

Michael: So can making yourself miserable...

Brian: Look, save you're worried-wife routine for the docand, uh, come with me to Woody's.

Michael: I don't want... to go to Woody's...

Brian: C'mon, it's part of the tour. On you're left astarve creation that you love it.

Michael: Yeah, sure.

Brian: I stink. I need a shower.

[Mike walks over to watch surreptitiously as Brianundresses. Brian has the bloody scarf from prom nightwrapped around his chest under his shirt.]

[The Taylor condo. Debbie and Vicfight their way to the front door through a throng ofreporters. One of them knocks into Vic, who knocks intoDebbie just as Jennifer opens the door.]

Deb: Jesus Christ, what was that?!

Jen: They are waiting for us when we're got home. Someonefrom the hospital must have told them Justin has beenreleast. What happened to you?

Deb: What?

[Jennifer notices that Debbie has spilled marinara sauceall over the front of her shirt. It looks like there'sblood all over her.]

Deb: Oh, Jesus, some as*h*le out there have bumped intome and made me spill my marinara all of myself.

Vic: It's supposed to be over the spaghetti, not you.

Deb: Wait until you see all the support is where we'vegot to come to the courtroom.

Jen: Uh, Debbie I just brought Justin home. I can'tsupected him to all that.

Deb: Oh, sure. I understand.

Jen: Wow, you shouldn't have done all this trouble.

Vic: It wasn't any trouble. She cooked it.

Deb: I made Justin favourite - chicken parmasan.

Jen: Well, I'm sure he's gonna love it when I just gethim to eat.

Deb: Of course he'll eat.

Justin: Of course I'll eat.

[Justin comes from the stairs. He has his right handstuck in his sweatshirt pocket.]

Deb: Sunshine!

Jen: Sweetheart, I though you'll taking a nap. Everythingallright?

Justin: I'm fine. Don't I look it?

Vic: Good as new.

Debbie: Better. You have no idea. I have been prayed forthis moment, To see you standing there. To knows you'llbe allright. sh*t. Come, give me a kiss.

[Debbie opens up her arms to give Justin a hug. Justinsees the stain on her shirt and freaks, curling up in aball and jumping away from her.]

Jen: Sweetheart, honey it's just marinara sauce, it'sokay.

Deb: Sorry.

Vic: So, why we're all sit down and eat?

Deb: Yeah, taste the rest of the sauce.

Jen: Honey, why you aren't go upstairs and cleaned up?

Justin: Okay.

[Later that evening, Daphnedrives Justin around.]

Justin: "Honey." "Sweety.""Sunshine." Just cause Chris Hobbes f*ck me in the head, and suddenly everyone wants toinfantilize me!

Daphne: You've could have died, you know.

Justin: I was there.

Daphne: They're gonna freak out when they're find outyou've gone.

Justin: I left a note. "Back soon. Love and kisses."
[Daphne drops Justin off on Liberty Avenue. He awkwardly puts a cigarette in his mouth and lights it.]

Daphne: Will you be okay?

Justin: I don't know but I'll have to find out. Thank you.

[Justin walks though the mens. Someone taps him on theshoulder.]

Man: Hey, you're be okay?

Justin: [shout out] Don't touch me!

[Woody's. Brian and Michael aresiting on the bar.]

Brian: So, how are the boys in Portland? I bet with allthat rain, they have perfect peach and cream cheeks.

Michael: I'll never hasn't had a chance to do a buttcheck. Besides, David and I have better ways of spendingour evening.

Brian: Like what?

Michael: Like clubs we're eating and listen to music.

Brian: And then checking each other's pulses to make sureyou're still alive? If it was me, I'd be out all night,topping the tall timbers.

Michael: Yeah, well, that's why we have environmentalprotection laws.

Brian: But, Mikey, tell me, I need to now. Does alumberjack off?

Michael: What the f*ck is going on?

Brian: Nothing, the f*ck is going on.

Michael: You're f*cking fall-down mess.

Brian: You're beautiful. I'll always be beautiful. Yousaid so yourself. You've want some?

Michael: You've cut yourself off from everyone, includingme. You're drinking, Christ, like I've never seen youbefore. Maybe you're need to talk to someone.

Brian: Good, cut to be my god-damn mother? You're go backwhere you belong and read and cook and listen to musicwith David and I'll be alright.

Michael: Why haven't you go to see Justin?

Brian: Because there is nothing I can do for him.

[Justin walks into Woody's and is immediately surroundedby a group of people who recognize him from the news.Justin freaks out some more, and tells everyone to getaway from him, backing up until he's finally cowering ina corner, facing the wall.]

Justin: Get away from me!

[Mike pushes through the crowd to get to the boy.]

Michael: Give him some room. Justin, it's me, Michael.

[Justin turns around just as Brian comes back to the bar.Justin's and Brian's eyes meet. Brian looks surprised.]

Michael: Will you just f*cking stand there?!

[The Wedding. All people aredancing to the Go Go. At the gift table.]

Lindsay: At the first marriage, she was registered atTiffany's. The second, Pottery Barn. The third, The BigQ.

Mel: Pathetic, isn't it? Straight people and their sillylittle rituals?

Ted: C'mon, you know it is legal for you and Lindsay toget married, if you would.

Mel: Oh, we can't. So, what's the point?

[Mel takes a drag on her cigarette.]

Lindsay: The bride requested no smoking.

Mel: Oh, f*ck the bride!

Lynette: Hello Melanie.

Mel: Lynette, it's a beautiful wedding.

Lindsay: Just like they've all been.

Ted: The chicken tasted delicious.

Lynette: It was a capon.

Ted: Well, it tasted like chicken.

[In the bushes, Emmett's giving the usher a blowjob. Hestands up, daintily wipes the corners of his mouth, andmakes to join the others at the table.]

Mel: I was just saying, you must really be lookingforward to the honeymoon. Where are you off to this time?

Lynette: Borneo.

Ted: Don't they have a lot of pigs there?

Emmett: Wow, I've got a much better time than I thought.

Lynette: Oh, time to cut the cake. And you promised totoast the lucky couple.

[Lynette goes with her sister out of reach from herfriends.]

Lynette: Before you do I just wanna thank you.

Lindsay: I toast to my only sister wedding.

Lynette: I mean, you're not embarrassing me. Not that Ihave anything against Melanie, and you know I adore Gus,but considering it is my wedding...after all, I justdidn't see any reason for people to be subjected to...

Lindsay: An undignified display of my private life?

[Lynette laughs uncomfortably, touches her much youngersister briefly on the cheek, and goes back into the hall.]

[Inside the house. Time to cutthe wedding cake. Lindsay gets everyone's attention.]

Lindsay: Excuse me, everyone. I'm Lindsay, Lynette'ssister and I like to congratulate her and her husband onthis special occasion. [applause] To stand in front ofyour family and friends, to declare your love andcommitment in the eyes of God is a privilege -- not to betaken lightly. I know, because I've shared a commitmentwith my partner for six wonderful years, even thoughwe're not married. And that's because we're not allowedto be. But that shouldn't stop two people from doing whatthey truly want. Should it? So, I'd like to ask mybeloved, "Will you marry me?"

[Melanie looks like she wants to crawl under the carpetand die. Lindsay laughs in glee at her own boldness andruns over to hug Melanie.]

[At Brian's. Justin and Brian arestanding in front of the bar.]

Justin: The doctor said, if Chris Hobbs hit me a fractionof an inch this way or that way or a different angle oreven a little bit harder I were complete vegetable ordead. As I is the only damage is the cerebral motorstrang.

Brian: Is that where the drag race to you're brain?

Justin: No, it's a part of the cerebral motor cortex thatcontrols motor skills.

Brian: I know what it is. I attended eighth grade.

Justin: They're driving my sculpture at least out ofblood. They're said that I never draw again.

Brian: Yeah, well there always telling people they'llnever walk again, or draw again, or piss again, so whenyou finally do you'll think they're geniuses, and theycan charge you whatever the f*ck they want.

Justin: Why you didn't come and see me?

Brian: What for?

Justin: Considering I was in a coma for two weeks andrehab for a month, trying to learn that f*cking what for.

Brian: You know, if you really want to regain the agilityand strength in your hand, I suggest jerking off severaltimes a day. It works like magic.

Jutin: You've should at least called to see if I'm stillalive.

Brian: I'm sure I would have heard if you weren't.Besides I'm not you're occupational therpist, not traumaspecial, not even you're goddam mother so there's nothingthat I could have done to you.

Justin: I still don't remember to anything. Last thing Ido remember is you telling me that you wouldn't come tomy prom. But they say that you did show up after all. Andthat we danced together. And that was amazing. Daphnesaid that we were amazing.

Brian: We were allright.

Justin: sh*t. I wish I could remember that. And than Iwalked with you backup to you're jeep and that's whenChris Hobbs cames out with the baseball bat...

Brian: But you said you can't remember anything.

Justin: I can't, it's the stuff that other people toldme. It's like a story that happened to somebody else.

Brian: Yeah, well, I can remember. I can remembereverything! I saw him. He was coming after you with thebat.

[Flash to the prom night. Chris Hobbs cames out with thebat.]

Brian: But he was moving too fast, and you were too faraway.

[Brian jumps out of his jeep and scream"Justin!" to warn him. But Chris Hobbs werefaster.]

Brian: And I ran, but there was no time to stop him. Andthen he swung, and it was too late. There was nothing Icould do. And you just lay there on the cold cement.

[Flash to the prom night. Brian's over Justin. "No,no, no, no, no, no. God!". Flash to the present.]

Justin: It wasn't you're fault. [he's going in front ofBrian and they're looking in each other eyes.] It wasn'tyou're fault.

[They're hug each other.]

[Emmett's flat. Emmett comes backfrom the wedding, bouquet and usher in tow. The usher'scarrying a piece of cake, which Emmett takes from him togive to Michael.]

Man: Try this.

Emmett: Let me get this piece to my roommate. Even if heis practically married. Why don't you go right to mybedroom, over there. I'll be with you in one minute.

[He opens the door to Mike's bedroom and finds him havingsex with the guy he was checking out at Woody's. Emmettquietly closes the door.]

[Outside Justin's home. Briandrops Justin off.]

Justin: Thanks.

Brian: For what?

Justin: For the ride, for saving me.

Brian: I didn't saving.

Justin: I meant tonight. So, will I see you again?

Brian: Yeah, you'll see me.

Justin: Don't wait too long. At this rate, who knows howlong I'll be around?

[Justin goes to the door. Brian looks at him. Jen opensthe door.]

Jen: Justin! Were have you been? Have you any idea howworried I was? How could you just leave like that?!

Justin: I left a notice.

Jen: Come inside.

[Mike and Emmett's. Mike tries toget the guy from Woody's out of the apartment beforeEmmett sees him.]

Michael: Okay, c'mon, c'mon. Be quiet. Okay.

Guy: I left my number by the bed.

Michael: Great. Let's go.

Guy: Call me.

[The guy's gone. Michael walks quietly to his room.Emmett turns on the lights. He's siting on the couch.]

Emmett: So, how was you're piece of cake?

[Melanie's and Lindsay's. Lindsayphones with her mother. She seems very angry.]

Lindsay: Mom, please. Mom, would you please stop crying!No, she did me not up to it.

Mel: That's right. Blame the Jew!

Lindsay: If Lynette can get married three times, then whycan't I?!

Nancy: "Two women cannot get married. How are wegoing to show our faces?"

Lindsay: Love to Daddy. Can't wait to see the video.

[She slams the phone down. Melanie get up and dress heron.]

Lindsay: b*tch! I can't believe this upset.

Mel: Fear not. In time, they'll sweep it underneath theirWASPy rugs and forget all about it.

Lindsay: I don't want forget about it. I want full andequal recognition -- if not by the law, then at least inmy parents' house!

Mel: I'd count on getting hitched in Mississippi first.

Lindsay: Can't we stay in bed a little bit longer?

Mel: Oh, ...

Lindsay: You still haven't answered my question. Will youmerry me?

Mel: You aren't serious?

Lindsay: I was dead serious. Why do they get to receiveeveryone's blessings and presents and we don't?

Mel: I knew it had about the presents. Look, you can'tget married. For one thing, it's not even legal, and foranother, you know how I feel about weddings. They'remeaningless, ...

Both: ...antiquated rituals for heterosexuals.

Lindsay: I've heard.

Mel: Linds, we have a marriage. And a family. Six yearsstrong. Give or take a few bumps in the road. It nice iswould be to have a party and a payback finally for allthe wedding guest we're shall have. We're don't need anybrute that we're love each other. So, let's go grab ourkid and get some brunch.

[Mike and Emmett's apartment. Tedjoins them.]

Emmett: If I knew how many men you could meet at straightfunctions, I would have started going years ago.

Ted: You're the one truffle in the garden.

Emmett: I wouldn't be so sure. I have my suspicions aboutthe groom.

Ted: You mean Lindsay's sister break their own record?What's about you, Michael? How was you're night on thetown?

Emmett: He brought home a nice centerpiece of his own.

Michael: Jesus, Em!

Ted: Well. You certainly didn't waste any time, did you?In town less than twenty-four hours.

Emmett: Why shouldn't he get a little action? He'soutside the four-hundred-mile limit for extramaritalquickies and anonymous assignations. Mind you, if youwant to do anything further, you'll have to do overseastravel and a fourteen-minimum day stay...

Ted: I just thought, with everything you wrote, you know.That you and David were so in love. So committed.

Emmett: Every relationship has its own set of rules.Their arrangement is none of our business. Right,sweetie? I want some pot sticker.

Michael: We broke up.

Ted: What?

Michael: It's over. David and I are over.

Emmett: Mmmh, these are the best dumplings I've ever had.

Ted: Did you hear what he just said?

Emmett: He broke up. You're broke up. So why the f*ck youdidn't tell us?

Michael: I was going to.

Ted: When? After you convince us that you found paradiselost?

Michael: When the time was right. You're know but there'snever a right time to admit that you failed. That you hadthis great opportunity to start your life over withsomeone that you loved, or thought you loved, and youblew it. I blew it. I complained that David was workingtoo much, and that I couldn't find a job, and that Ididn't have any friends. And when I accused him of beingthoughtless and not caring, and said that if I knew itwas going to be like this, I never would have come, hesaid, 'Well, go home, Michael!' Go home.

Ted: Well, I wouldn't say that you failed.

Emmett: And it's not true that you that you don't haveany friends. 'Cause you still got us.

Ted: That is for coming home, there is no shame in that.That's what it's here for.

[They hug each other.]

[The Sentencing Hearing of ChrisHobbes. Mike, Debbie, Melanie, Lindsay, and Vic sit inthe front row.]

Judge: The fact that Christopher Hobbes pled guilty onassault charges for his vicious attack on Justin Taylorin no way mitigates the seriousness of this crime, or thetragic effects on both these young men's lives. Both werehonor students at St. James Academy; both were planningto attend college. Now one young man is recovering fromserious brain injuries, and the other is facing a prisonsentence. I ask myself, how could this have happened?

Deb: I tell ya how. Chris Hobbes is a h*m* animalwho should be put away.

Judge: I can only imagine how profoundly disturbing itmust have been for a young man of Chris Hobbes's fine,moral upbringing to be approached sexually by a malestudent, then to see him flaunt his lifestyle by bringinghis male lover to the prom and engaging in what has beendescribed as a highly provocative dance.

[Brian walks in the courtroom and sits in the row behindhis friends.]

Judge: Given the fact that he was drinking -- which heshould not have been -- I could understand how ChrisHobbes might lose control of his better judgement. Still,this does not excuse his actions. And so I have struggledto find the appropriant sentence to impulse for thisunfortunable crime. Court will recess in 10 minutes.

[The judge stands up and leave the room.]

Deb: Where the f*ck is he going?

Emmett: It's the hell of a time to leave.

Ted: Great suspense.

Mel: It's how he's got his name "regular boy".Every day at 12:15 on the dot he goes to the bathroomacross the hall, sits in the stall under the window andtakes a dump and has a smoke.

Emmett: No way!

Ted: You're gotta be kidding!

Mel: No matter who was sentensing.

[The judge returns to his place. Everyone stands up ,except Brian.]

Judge: Christopher Michael Hobbs, this court exceptyou're plea of guilty for a simple as*ault. Because ofyour age, because you have no previous offenses, andbecause you were unduly provoked, you are hereby given atwo-year suspended sentence and ordered to serve fivehundred hours of community service.

[The judge leaves the room. Chris Hobbs smiles and shakeshis lawyers hand.]

Deb: No, that's not right. Wait a minute. Wait a minute!

[In front of the building. ChrisHobbs and his lawyer were interviewed by some reporters.Deb and the g*ng are standing a little bit outside.]

Deb: Look at him. His practically f*cking m*rder. How heget's off free?

Mel: They made a deal. His lawayer agreed to pleadedguilty, the prosecutor reduced the charge from aggravatedto simple as*ault, and Roy sent him off with probationand service.

Deb: He'd have gotten more for bashing a dog!

Michael: It's okay, mom. Let's go home, get some rest.

Deb: Damn right I'm going home, but not to rest. I'mgoing to call every P-FLAG chapter in this country; we'renot putting up with this for one f*ck' second. We'regoing to march, and we're going to carry huge signs, andlet this as*h*le judge know what we think of him.

Vic: That's enough.

Deb: We're gonna march on Washington, if we have to!

Vic: No, sis...

Deb: YOU'RE HEAR THAT?!

[Deb tries to run to Chris Hobbs, but she's pull awayfrom Michael and Vic. Deb cries on Michael's shoulder.]

Michael: It's okay. It's okay. He's not gonna get awaywith this. We're march, we're protest.

[At Brian's loft. Mike and Brianare alone. Brian reads something.]

Brian: Bullshit, bullshit, bullshit. All protests arebullshit. Well-meaning do-gooders marching around,carrying signs. Chanting? 'Hey, hey, h*, h*, h*m*'sgot to go'? Give me a g*dd*mn f*cking prick.

Michael: So, I guess this means you're not going with us?

Brian: Hell no, I won't go!

Michael: So, you're gonna sit you there on you're a*s anddo nothing.

Brian: Yeah, I guess so. Jesus, what the f*ck did I everdo without you to harangue me? When the hell are yougoing back, anyway?

Michael: I'm not.

Brian: I know.

Michael: Had Ted and Emmett tell you?

Brian: No, I managed to figured it out all by my littleself. I mean, I knew it wouldn't work out.

Michael: Oh, congratulations, right as usual.

Brian: It's not about me, as*h*le, it's about you. Imean, did you really think you'd be happy in Wisconsinliving as a doctor's wife?

Michael: Oregon. Portland's in Oregon.

Brian: Wherever the f*ck.

Michael: Maybe that's the problem. I don't know where thefuck I belong.

[Brian grabs Michaels arm and pulls Mike down for akiss.]

Brian: There. That's where. Well, will you go on and helpyou're mom and make the world safe for f*gs.

Michael: What is this? Is this our old chemestry book?It's look like this from highschool.

Brian: Yeah, it's... I'm doin' some research. I have anew client for a drug company.

Michael: Well, you must be thrilled. You'll be able toget E wholesale.

[Back in the courtroom bathroom.Judge Roy primps in the mirror, then takes his usualstall. He sits down, groaning in satisfaction. When he'sdone, he puts out his cigarette, then tries to get up offof the toilet. But he's stuck to it. Very stuck.]

[At Woody's, the g*ng watch anews report about Judge Roy's mishap.]

Reporter: "After spending 14 hours glued to a toiletseat the judge was unharmed but badly shaken..."

[all laughs.]

Mel: The seat of justice has been severely compromised.

Emmett: No skin off my a*s.

Ted: I bet he wishes he could say the same thing.

Lindsay: Who do you think did it?

Mel: Someone who did can't wait for the sentence.

[Michael thinks about it and Brian's chemestry bookyesterday.]

Michael: You know what this reminds me of? That time inChemistry class when you said you were going to inventsynthetic c*m, and you made that goo? And you put it allover the toilet seat in the teacher's lounge and Mrs.Renfro got glued to it.

Brian: I better take off.

[Outside the Taylor Condo, Justinand Brian toss around a whiffle ball. Daphne watches,sitting on the steps with Brian.]

Justin: I knew they led him go. They don't care about us;they wish we were all dead.

Brian: Look, don't think it's okay just focus on whatyou're doing.

Justin: sh*t! f*ck! [Justin curses when his hand seizesup.]

Brian: C'mon, you can do it.

Justin: No, I can't.

Brian: Yes, you can. C'mon.

[Justin tries one more time and got it.]

Daphne: Hey, that one was good, Justin.

Justin: Daph, you're so full of sh*t.

[Jen drives up.]

Jen: Hi, honey. Hi, Daphne. [Pause]

Brian: Hello, Mrs.Taylor.

Jen: Hello, Brian.

Brian: We're just tossing the ball.

Jen: I think you should rest, honey.

Justin: I'm not tired.

Jen: I'd like to speek to Brian.

Justin: C'mon, Daph.

[Justin and Daphne goes inside. Jen and Brian are allalone.]

Jen: The day they sent him home from the hospital, thedoctor said he'd never seen such a determined patient,and then he asked what it was that made him work so hard.I knew but I didn't tell him - it was you. Every day thatyou didn't come to see him was more incentive for him toget better so he could get out and he come and see you.Of course, what Justin didn't know, and I didn't tellhim, was that you were there, every night. The nurse onduty told me. I want to thank you for that. But he's homenow, safe and sound, and there isn't any reason anymorefor you to watch over him, so I would like you to leave.And never see him again.

Brian: I care about him.

Jen: It was because of you, he was almost k*lled. -Forgive me for being so blunt. I've tried to accept himfor who he is. To accept your world and his part of it.I've even tried to accept you. And as a result, I nearlylost him. And I don't intend to lose him again. And so,if you really care about him, and I believe you do,you'll do what I ask, and return my son to me.

[Brian tries to come up with something to say, butfinally just hands her the whiffle ball and walks to hiscar. Looking down the street, he sees two boys tossing abaseball to each other. Brian takes a depth breath, getsinto the Jeep, and drives away.]

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